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Recital: The Charms of Music, Anthony Carl, tenor

Anthony Carl

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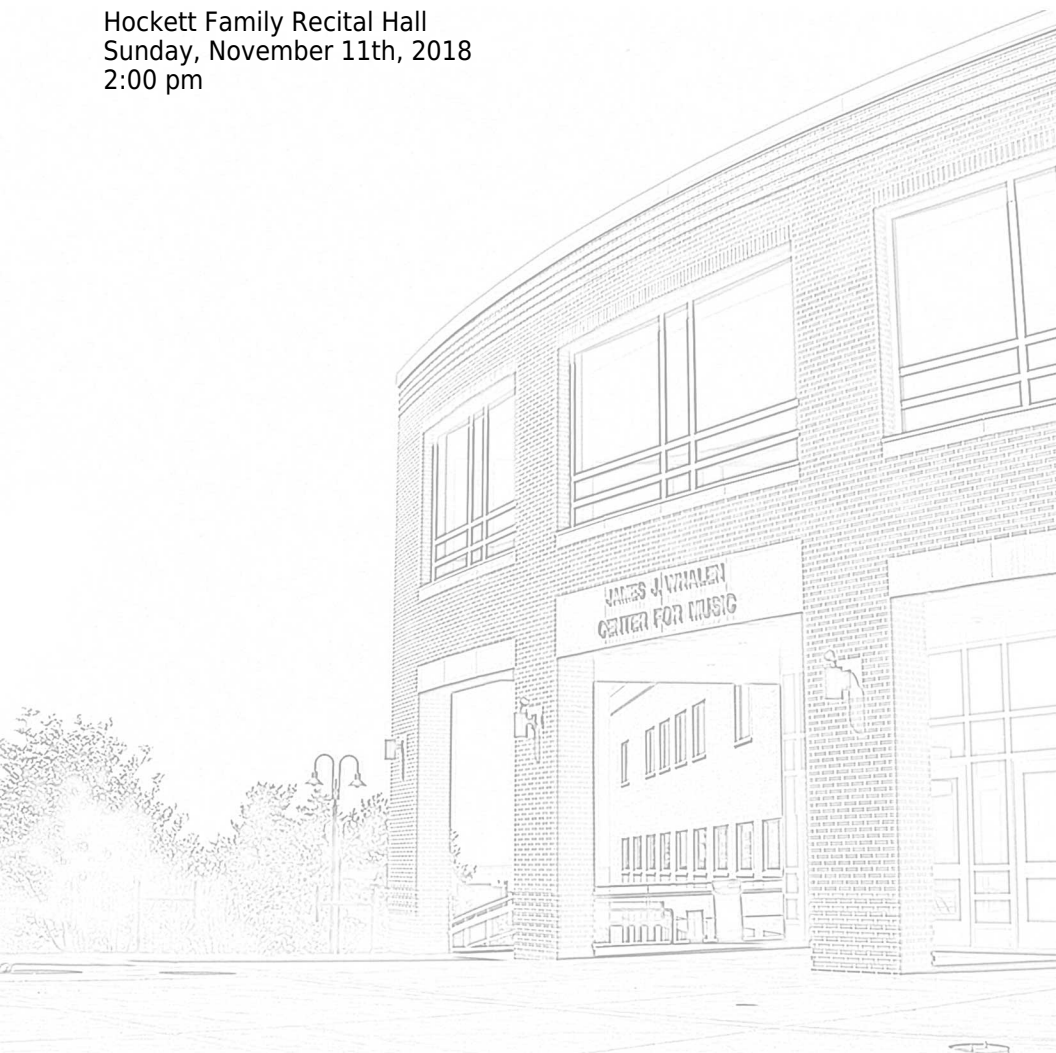
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The Charms of Music: Anthony Carl, tenor

Richard Montgomery, piano
Melanie Lota, mezzo-soprano
Sage Stoakley, soprano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, November 11th, 2018
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

'A vucchella
La serenata
Ideale

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Le Charme
Les Papillons
Sérénade Italienne

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Intermission

Im Walde
Stille Sicherheit
Sonntag
Dein Blaues Auge

Robert Franz
(1815-1892)
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Paquillo's Song

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Million Miles Away
from *Aladdin*

Alan Menken
(b. 1949)

Melanie Lota, mezzo-soprano
One Second in a Million Miles
from *Bridges of Madison County*
Sage Stoakley, soprano

Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

Translations

'A Vucchella

'A vucchella

Si, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo appassuliatella.
Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
è comm'a na rusella
dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannetella!
Dammillo e pigliatillo
nu vaso piccerillo
comm'a chesta vucchella,
che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo appassuliatella.
Si, tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo appassuliatella.

A sweet mouth

Yes, like a little flower,
you have a little mouth
a little bit faded.
Ah, give it to me, give it to me,
it is like a little rose
give me a little kiss,
give it to me Cannetella!
Give it to me and take you one,
a kiss a little
like this little mouth
which seems like a little rose
a little bit faded.
Yes, you have a little mouth
a little bit faded.

La Serenata

La serenata

Vola, O serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
E, con la bella testa abbandonata,

Posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, Vola.
Slende Pura la luna;
L'ale il silenzio stende,
E dietro i veli dell'alcova bruna
La lampada s'accende:
Pura la luna Splende.
Vola, O serenata, Vola.
Ah!
Vola, O serenata:
La mia diletta è sola;
Ma sorridendo ancor mezzo
assonnata,
Torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, Vola.
L'onda Sogna su'l lido,
E'l vento su la fronda,
Ea' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
La mia signora bionda
Sogna su'l lido L'onda.
Vola, O serenata: Vola.
Ah!

The serenade

Fly, or serenade:
My delights are one,
and with her beautiful head
abandoned,
Laying between the sheets:
or serenade flies.
Shine pure the moon;
The silence extends,
is behind the veils brown alcove
The lamp kindled:
Pure the moon shines
Fly, or serenade, Fly.
Ah!
Fly, or serenade:
My delights are one;
but smiling still half-muted,

Returns between the sheets:
Or serenade, flies.
The wave dreams on the shore
and wind of the branch
and to kiss me refrained still
My blonde lady
dreams on the shore of the waves.
Fly, or serenade: Fly
Ah!

Ideale

Ideale

Io ti seguii come'iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo;
Io ti seguii come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.
E ti sentii ne la luce e nell'aria

Nel profumo dei fiori
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te e dei tuoi splendoriIn te rapito
Al suon de la tua voce

Lungamente sognai
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni
croce
In quel giorno scordai
Torna, caro ideal
Torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora
E a me risplenderà nel tuo
sembiante
Una novella aurora
Torna, caro ideal, torna, torna

Ideal

I followed you like a rainbow of
peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in the
air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and your radiance.
Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long
time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every
torment
I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideal,
Come back, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me

a new dawn.
Come back, dear ideal. Come back,
Come back

Le Charme

Le Charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,

Mais ce qui domptait nous esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.
Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.
Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme;
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

The Charm

When your smile surprised me,
I felt a shudder through my entire
being,
But what tamed my spirit,
At first, I did not recognize.
When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
But what that emotion was,
At first, I could not answer it.
What conquered me forever,
That was a charm sadder,
And I did not know that I loved you,
Until I saw your first tear.

Les Papillons

Les Papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand
pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,

S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,

Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?
Sans prendre un seul baiser aux
roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

The Butterflies

The snow-white butterflies
Fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies,

when can I travel the blue path of
the air?
Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with the jet-black
eyes -
if they were to lend me their wings,

do you know where I would fly?
Not taking one kiss from the roses,

I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips
oh my soul's chosen flower! and
there I'd die.

Sérénade Italienne

Sérénade Italienne

Partons en barque sur la mer
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.

Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air

Pour enfler la toile des voiles.
Le vieux pêcheur italien
Et ses deux fils qui nous
conduisent,
Écoutent, mais n'entendent rien
Aux mots que nos bouches se
disent.
Sur la mer calme et sombre, vois :
Vois, Nous pouvons échanger nos
âmes,
Et nul ne comprendra nos voix

Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.

Italian Serenade

We depart on a boat to the sea
for passing the night beneath the
stars.
Look, it is blowing just enough of
the air
to swell the canvas of the sails.
The old Italian fisherman
and his two sons, who sail out with
us,
Hear but don't understand anything
of the words that our mouths say.

On the sea calm and dark
Look, we can exchange our souls

and no one will understand our
voices
But the night, the sky and the
waves.

Im Walde

Im Walde

Es streckt der Wald die Zweige so
grün
In den blauen Frühlingsmorgen,
Die Gipfel in hellem Glanz erblüh'n,
Die Stämme im Schatten geborgen.

Da sprengen die lustigen Reiter
herein,
Die flatternden Fähnlein fliegen;
Es schmettern die Hörner Lieder
darein,
Die klingend im Walde sich wiegen.

Und wie es wallt, und wie es schallt
In brausendem Jugendgeflute,
O du stolzer grünender
Frühlingswald,
So waldgrün wird mir zu Muthe!

In the Forest

The forest stretches the branches
so green
In the blue spring morning,
The peaks bloomed in bright luster,
The tribes sheltered in the shade.

The funny riders burst in,
The flapping flags fly;
The horns are blaring songs,
The sound of the sound in the
forest.

And how it flows and how it sounds
In a roaring youthful flood,
Oh, proud green spring forest,
So forest green is my heart!

Stille Sicherheit

Stille Sicherheit

Horch, wie still es wird im dunkeln
Hain,
Mädchen, wir sind sicher und allein.

Still versäuselt hier am Wiesenhang

Schon der Abendglocke müder
Klang.
Auf den Blumen, die sich dir
verneigt,
Schließ das letzte Lüftchen ein und
schweigt.
Sagen darf ich dir, wir sind allein,
Daß mein Herz ist ewig, ewig dein.

Silent Safety

Listen, how quiet the dark wood has
become,
Darling girl, we are safe and alone.

Here on the sloping meadow,

The tired pealing of the evening bell
murmurs quietly.
Upon the flowers, that bow to you,
The last breeze falls asleep and is
silent.
Now I may tell you since we are
alone,
That my heart is yours forever

Sonntag

Sonntag

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,

Ich sah es an einem Sonntag

Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,

Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär'
heute bei ihr!
So will mir doch die ganze Woche

Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag

Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär'
heute bei ihr!

Sunday

Throughout this week I haven't
seen her
Beloved sweetness, my joy

Though, a glimpse I had on Sunday,

as she stood by her door
Her thousandfold beauty
and thousandfold her heart's
warmth

Would God, would God that I meet
her again!

All through the week, I have been
smiling,

as I remembered Sunday last

When the church she was
approaching

with steps full of grace.

Her thousandfold beauty and
thousandfold her heart's warmth

Would God, would God that I meet
her again.

Dein Blaues Auge

Dein Blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.

Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl;
Das deine ist wie See so klar

Und wie ein See so kühl.

Your Blue Eyes

Your blue eyes keep so still
That I can gaze upon their very
depths.

You ask me what I want to see?
I see my own well-being.

A glowing pair burned me once;
The after-effect still hurts.

Yet your eyes are like a lake so
clear,

And like a lake, so cool